

Best. Lib. & Museum

THE WRANGELL SENTINEL

VOLUME 7, NUMBER 33.

WRANGELL, ALASKA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1909

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Winter Boat Schedule

The larger steamship companies are arranging their winter schedules, each taking off a boat. Thus the Pacific Coast Company will lay the Seattle up, operating only the Cottage City, and one freighter if business enough for the latter presents itself. The Alaska Steamship Company will tie the Dolphin up, leaving the Jefferson on the run, and calling in at Wrangell on the way north each trip. The Humboldt management announces that their staunch little vessel will continue on her present schedule, making all the regular stops.

Prof C. C. Georgeson, superintendent of the Alaska experiment stations, has recently returned from a trip to the country along the Yukon River. He said: "My trip to the interior has convinced me more than ever that Alaska has a great future in her agriculture. When I left Rampart station a field of splendid grain was maturing, and the berries, melons and vegetables grown in the interior surpass belief."

\$7.50 TO SEATTLE

Unofficially word reached Wrangell today that the Pacific Coast and Alaska Steamship companies had combined against the Humboldt, and had cut first class passenger rates to or from Seattle to \$7.50

Bagged Five Bear

With five fine bear skins to show as their trophies of the trip, Charley Bryant and Frank Gadd returned this week from a month's hunting trip in the neighborhood of the Santa Anna cannery. One of the bears was a monster, the skin of which will make a finer robe, when Frank gets it tanned. The boys report that other game is scarce in that region but that the trout are there in immense numbers furnishing excellent sport.

Tom Dalgetty, after a stay of a couple of weeks in Ketchikan in attendance upon the court, there, returned on the City of Seattle Tuesday.

Governor Swineford Dead

Word reached town Tuesday, of the death that morning at Juneau of Ex-Governor A. P. Swineford. The news came a great surprise as the last reports were that he was showing signs of improvement.

Those Juneau Assault Cases

The District Court in session at Ketchikan, adjourned in a hurry this week. With the exception of a civil case or two, all of them small, there was no business to come up except those Juneau assault cases. Friday Editor O'Brien entered a plea of guilty to the charge of assault and battery on Ed. C. Russell, editor of the Juneau Dispatch, and the next day the case against C. M. Summers of aiding and abetting O'Brien was heard and a verdict of "not guilty" brought in by the trial jury after being out less than fifteen minutes. And there the matter hung until Monday of this week. When court convened that morning U. S. Attorney J. J. Boyce arose and made the statement that inasmuch as his office had been unable to secure a conviction in the case against Summers; which was the strongest in the bunch, he would make the motion that the cases of resisting an officer, against Summers, Shattuck, O'Brien and Cheek, be dismissed.

His statement dropped like a bombshell in the courtroom, and in an instant Summers was on his feet demanding a trial for himself and those indicted with him, on the ground that nothing but a trial and acquittal could relieve their names of the disgrace which the indictment and the attendant publicity had caused. Attorney L. P. Shackelford followed in an arraignment of Attorney Boyce and his methods the equal of which had probably never been heard in any court of the district, and concluded with the demand that the court compel that official to state his reasons for the position he had taken. Boyce replied in kind, and so heated did the discussion become that the court had to call the two attorneys to order and instruct them to address their remarks to him and not to each other, and later stated that he would not require the District attorney's office to give any more reasons for the petition to dismiss the cases than that office felt disposed to make.

Sentence was imposed on O'Brien—a fine of \$200.00 and one-third the costs—after which minor matters were disposed of, and then the court adjourned.

Return From Long Trip

After being gone for 67 days, Alex Vreath, Guy Carson and Fred Bronson are once more at home from their trip up the Iskut river, whither they went to do the assessment work on the mining properties in that region owned by local people. They report the trip of their lives, the properties having shown up well as the work of developing progressed, and the hunting being all that anyone could ask for. They report having bagged nine grizzly bears, some of them exceptionally large, besides two moose and numerous small game. The ore specimens they brought down to have tested appear to be richer even than ever, insuring a glowing future for the properties.

Wants Pay For Work

Captain Boughman, master of the steamship Humboldt, has commenced suit against the Pacific Coast Steamship Co. for salvage amounting to \$25,000. The claim of Captain Boughman, as alleged in the complaint filed by him, is that the Cottage City was disabled near Carter's Bay and in danger of being lost at the time she was picked up by the Humboldt. The fine for towing the Cottage City, which amounted to less than \$500, has, it is understood, been assumed by the Pacific Coast Steamship company.

Hallow E'en Dance

You are invited to attend a ball at Red Men's Hall Saturday night. The occasion is a Hallow E'en party, and nothing will be spared to make it all it should be. First class music has been secured and you'll be bound to have a good time if you attend.

Falcon Joslyn of Fairbanks has been re-elected president and H. Von Hasslocher secretary of the Arctic Club at Seattle.

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THE WRANGELL SENTINEL

RICHARD BUSHELL, JR., Editor and Proprietor

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AN UNSATISFACTORY ENDING

This paper is of the opinion that it voices the sentiment of the district when it says that the action of the U. S. Attorney's office in dismissing the Juneau assault cases at Ketchikan this week is very unsatisfactory. The men accused either are or are not guilty of the charges brought against them in indictments found by the Juneau grand jury, and a trial was the only way to decide the question. The government and the accused men have been put to needless expense if the latter were not guilty, and if they were, then the U. S. Attorney's office is derelict to duty in not pushing the cases, either way the latter is at fault as the matter now stands.

ALASKA'S GRAND OLD MAN

In the death of Ex-Governor A. P. Swineford, the District of Alaska loses one of the most capable men within her borders. Early and late he has labored for what he conceived to be for her advantage, without the thought of personal gain or preferment, the best years of his life being devoted to her service.

With four hundred Seattleites becoming members of the Arctic Brotherhood, there will be seen the passing of one of the strongest organizations in Alaska. The Brotherhood has been desirable because of it being purely Alaskan, but the infusion of the Seattle Spirit will be its death blow. What has possessed the members and officers of the Arctic Brotherhood to permit the entrance of Seattle into the organization, to its weakening and deterioration is a thing passing strange. It has been hoped that what was created for Alaska and Alaskans in a fraternal organization with its characteristic "mush on" would live as long as Alaska and remain an individual order of

the north. Pity is extended to the Arctic Brotherhood.—Dispatch.

An idea of the immensity of the salmon pack in Alaska for the year 1909 can be gotten from the fact that the receipts for the month of September in Seattle aggregated 245,126 cases valued at \$903,945. This represents only a very small part of the pack in Southeastern Alaska, alone.

A Poem In Prose

A woman dresses for a man to capture him as best she can, by every little foxy plan her future to assure. Her figure first must fill the bill. She pads and pinches with a will, forms a fine background for each frill, the tempting game to lure.

With gown of veil, in princess style, with costly silks from orient store. With fancy "pumps" that cost a pile, she seeks to gratify. For when she wears the gay "glad rags," although of their cost she seldom thinks, and yet her spirit never flags until she satisfy.

"And when she's lassoed tight the 'brute' and dropped those ways so coy and cut, she still must sport a new spring suit to vie with all the neighbors. She dresses now for woman's eye. Poor 'hubby' stands quite meekly by. He's proud, but sad. With long drawn sigh he thinks of all his labors.

A whole weeks work to pay for that uncanny, gay peach basket hat. And as for gowns—his purse once fat, is dying of consumption. For she must dress "like all possessed" to look as stunning as the rest. For woman now is all her zest, for woman all her "gumption."

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for the
SENTINEL

Here And There In The North

Haines is having trouble with her new water works.

At Chena hot springs 23 acres of potatoes yielded 129 tons.

James Dunsmuir, governor of British Columbia, has resigned.

The first snow of the season fell on the Skagway townsite on October 10.

Charles Hanover has been appointed deputy U. S. marshal for the Iditarod country.

A nugget found on Glen creek in the Kantishna weighed 82 ounces, and is valued at \$1,200.

L. M. Lepley, first police judge at Nome, has been pronounced insane by a jury at Fairbanks.

William Jennings Bryan favors home rule for Alaska, but William favors lots of things that never materialize.

Major J. F. A. Strong, of Katala, proprietor of the defunct Katala Herald and a pioneer newspaper man of Alaska, is being groomed for the democratic candidate for delegate next year.

An electric light wrapped in bed clothes started a \$150 fire in the Hotel Dewey, at Skagway. That is worse than hiding a light under a bushel.

During the months of July, August and September, 2,500 placer claim renewals were filed at the Dawson office. The renewal fee for each claim is \$10.

The entire Indian relic collection gathered by Captain D. F. Tozier, for many years commander of the revenue cutter Bear, was sold recently for \$40,000.

Natives and negroes at Cordova are said to be making a living catching crabs. The crabs are, in some instances, quite large, one measuring as much as five feet, five inches, "from tip to tip."

The Yukon river boats, White Seal and Tana, were caught by Jack Frost and tied up by the ice, fifty miles above Fort Gibbon. They were on their way to lake Labarge for the winter and carried about 175 passengers.

Harry Havery has instituted suit, in the district court at Fairbanks, against Capt. E. T. Barnett and associates for sums aggregating \$625,000 for gold extracted by defendants from the Causby fraction, Dome creek, by underground trespass.

The trading schooner Bender Bros., which stranded twenty miles from Bering Sea on the mud flats of the Kuskokwim river three years ago, has reached Puget Sound in safety. The vessel was salvaged by missionaries and natives by digging a trench three miles long through which the were able to get her into water of sufficient depth to float. Capt John Knafllich took his command to Puget Sound without navigating instruments or proper stores and with the aid of a crew of a single seaman and a party of four prospectors, who were picked up stranded on the river.

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CHAPTER V.

WHEN broad minded Mrs. Brooks observed to her husband that she did not understand her mother any more than her mother understood her she had expressed exactly the mental relation in which they stood toward each other. Mrs. Harris was one of those women occasionally to be met with who continue to treat their grownup sons, and especially their grownup daughters, as children and feel it incumbent upon them—nay, consider it their bounden duty—to interfere with advice and comment in the natural progress of domestic sophistication of their young wedded offspring. Moreover, she was a woman wholly lacking in tact and depth of mind and possessed to an exaggerated degree that "quicksand of reason," vanity.

Mrs. Harris and Miss Beth Harris were out for a ride with Captain Williams, who accompanied them, and all were in automobile tenue. Her mother and sister greeted Emma effusively. Their escort extended his hand, but Mrs. Brooks was too much occupied for once in responding to her parent's embraces to notice it. He stalked in with rude familiarity without removing his automobile cap, upon which he had pushed up his goggles and found himself face to face with Smith.

"Hello! You here?" he said by way of greeting, greatly surprised to see his superintendent there on that above all nights.

"Ya-as," replied Jimmy. "I'm here again."

"Ought to take a berth here," grunted his employer, looking round for the most comfortable chair and installing himself in it. "You're always around."

"Much as possible," admitted Smith tranquilly, remaining standing. "How do you find your new car?"

"Good enough. Cost \$5,000—ought to be good—ought to be."

Mrs. Harris and Beth bustled in, throwing open their automobile coats and disclosing very handsome gowns that contrasted strangely with Emma's poor little cotton frock.

"Why, good evening, Jimmy!" cried Mrs. Harris. "Where's Joe?"

"Gone out for a walk, I guess," he answered. "Howdy, Beth?"

"Very well, thank you, Mr. Smith," responded that young person somewhat frigidly.

"Mr. Smith?" he echoed, looking at her curiously.

The girl raised her eyebrows and affected surprise.

"Isn't that right?" she inquired.

"Yes—Smith is the name," he replied.

"It ain't that I've forgot it—no—only to remind you that the first one—Jimmy—ain't been changed."

"No, dearie, Jimmy wouldn't know what it meant to be mistered," observed Mrs. Harris with an intonation of disdain.

"Me neither," put in Williams, "but a man's got to get used to it."

"Have you got used to it, captain?" asked Emma.

"Yes and no. I never had it given to me until I came east—always used to be Cap'n Bill or something on that order—but with eastern airs and a bit of prosperity your old ways have got to change."

Mrs. Harris had been gazing about her deprecatingly. She wanted to know why they should stay in the dining room. Emma explained that they had succeeded in inducing the janitor to have the sitting room papered and that it was all upset.

"This ain't bad," commented Captain Williams. "It's real cozy, and you can see a woman's had a hand in the arrangement."

"But it's a little bit of a stuffy four roomed flat," objected Beth, turning up her pretty nose. "Really, I should die in one."

"Well, Beth," remarked Smith, with his quiet drawl, "you never can tell. Maybe you will."

Beth made a grimace.

"I would, if I had to do my own work, washing dishes—ugh!"

"I don't see how Emma stands it," declared Mrs. Harris. "It's just drudgery!"

"Well, mother, please remember it's Emma who does stand it, after all," retorted that little woman patiently, "so please, please, don't you mind."

"I think it's a great little nook, Mrs. Brooks," opined Williams.

"Thank you, captain," she said gratefully.

"And fixed up nice and comfortable. Can't say as anything looks cheap."

"Thank you again. Perhaps it isn't."

"You know, captain, you ain't the

IN FULL

By
John W. Harding

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"Hello! You here?"

only one who's found out the secret of making a dollar produce 500 cents," said Smith, with his whimsical smile.

"Has he done that?" inquired Mrs. Harris, affecting surprise and admiration.

"Figuratively speaking, I presume?" chimed in Beth primly.

"I always thought 500 was figuratively speaking," said Smith.

Captain Williams had produced his pipe, filled it and lighted it without asking permission.

"Smith says I'm close, I'm not," he declared. "To me business is business. If I've got money nobody gave it to me. I earned what I earned, and then I made that earn more."

"You sure ain't given it no vacations, captain," commented his superintendent dryly.

"And that's right," affirmed Mrs. Harris with some heat. "I believe in men getting money. Mr. Harris was one of those soft hearted men who never made the best of his opportunities—always trying to be fair and square with other men, and what thanks did he get?"

"Mother, please!" remonstrated Emma.

"It's true," went on her parent. "If he hadn't been that way, Emma, do you suppose you'd be here doing your own work?"

"Mother, I insist—you must not!"—

"Mother is perfectly right," interrupted Beth. "Emma, you don't deserve this kind of a life."

"But have I complained?" demanded Mrs. Brooks desperately. "Why do you say such things?"

"Because I've got myself to think of," snapped her mother. "You're wasting yourself—tied up to the house all the time—and everybody—all my friends know just how you're fixed. You're never invited anywhere any more."

"Completely forgotten," said Beth.

Brooks, who had let himself in silently and unobserved, stood in the hall irresolutely, watching them and listening to the conversation.

"Please don't," entreated Emma, greatly distressed. "It's my affair, and, besides, before people!"

"You might say the captain's almost one of the family since your father died," put in her mother. "I knew you should never have married Joe—that he couldn't take care of you the way he ought."

"It's too late now," said Beth, shrugging her shoulders. "Captain, don't you think Emma should have more?"

"Well, Mrs. Brooks must know her own mind," he replied. "Your father when he worked for me always had a way of his own. But it does seem as if she should at least have a hired girl and more than four rooms to a flat, but—"

Brooks strode into the room, livid with passion, goaded to a white heat of fury, reckless of everything, murder in his heart, and, hurling his hat to the floor, faced the company.

"It does seem so, does it?" he fairly hissed, going over to his employer. "I'm glad you think so. And why hasn't she? Will you tell me that? Speak! Will you tell me that? I'll tell you why, you slave driver!"

Mrs. Harris and Beth sat speechless and pale, but Smith rose.

"Steady, Joe, boy!" he admonished.

Emma had hurried to her husband and grasped his arm.

"Oh, Joe, don't!" she implored. "You don't!"

He lunged her roughly from him.

"Let me alone," he shouted and turned to Williams again, quivering with rage. "Do you know why she hasn't?" he continued. "Well, I'll tell you all: It's because this man ain't on the

square. He began by cheating and murdering niggers who worked for him aboard his rotten trading ships. Then, after he got through with the belaying pin, after he got his money, he picked up the salary list for a club, and he's murdered and wounded and maimed with that. You see my wife here? She's only one of hundreds, and she suffers. It is too bad she married me. It is too bad that she's got to do her own work. It is too bad that she's got to wash and scrub and sweat in the heat, but that man's to blame. If you gave me a fair share of what I produce, if you didn't grind down, oppress and pinch, she wouldn't have to. I've worked for you five years, hard, honest, and all the time you've been grinding me down, down, and thousands of others, thousands. You know, all of you know—my mother-in-law and smart sister-in-law know—you've piled up your money on the blood and sweat and misery of others. That's the kind of a man you are, and you might as well know it."

Captain Williams had listened to this denunciation at first in utter amazement. Then his shaggy eyebrows had knitted together, and his little eyes had narrowed to slits, while the blood had spread over his face in a deep glow through the veins that swelled out like cords on his neck and throat.

"There ain't no one ever said them things to me and got away with it," he thundered, clenching his fists and gathering all his tremendous strength as he rose to crush his accuser.

Mrs. Harris and Beth sprang up in great alarm, and at the captain's terrifying voice and his ferocious aspect Brooks shrank back. Smith stood impassive, but watching Williams, toward whom he had been edging.

Emma had stepped quickly between the captain and her husband.

"Please—please, captain—for my sake," she pleaded.

"I don't care—let him come on," cried Brooks doggedly, but his voice faltering.

Williams gazed at the sweet, frail woman standing imploringly before him, and as he gazed his muscles gradually relaxed, the wrath faded from his eyes, and finally the corners of his mouth twitched in a faint smile.

"All right, Mrs. Brooks," he said gently. "I almost forgot where I was. I apologize."

Smith, his hands in his pockets, moved away across the room.

"Joe, you know it's your home—our home," expostulated his wife.

"I—I forgot. Excuse me," he muttered sulkily, looking ashamed.

Smith spoke up, his winning smile lighting his face:

"You know, it's been an all-fired hot day—just the kind of weather when about every mother's son is on edge. Now, Joe, he slipped a cog, and that sort of put the whole confounded machine out of gear, including the captain. But now, you see, it's just all forgotten."

"Possibly. As far as I'm concerned I must be going," declared Mrs. Harris coldly.

"Indeed, yes!" chirped Beth.

Brooks now, his rage having spent itself and his bravado fizzled out, was almost crying.

"I—I—" he began.

But the words choked in his throat, and, picking up his hat, he hastened out of the room and the flat.

"Will you please take us away, captain?" requested Mrs. Harris.

"Just a moment," he said. "Mrs. Brooks, I'm mighty sorry about what happened just now."

"I—I'd rather you wouldn't speak of it," she told him.

"Perhaps I have been a little hard," he said earnestly and apologetically. "I want you all to understand that I've lived a hard life with hard people. Since the day I shipped before the mast in a north Pacific sealer I learned what a cuff and a blow was; what rotten grub, the scurvy and all them things meant, and I knew that the only thing between them things and comfort, decency and the respect of folks was money. I started to get money, and maybe I have been a little hard—just a little hard."

"No one would call you easy, captain," agreed Smith.

"Anyway, Mrs. Brooks," continued Williams, "Joe keeps his job, and it ain't going to make a bit of difference between us."

"Not the least?" she asked, with wonder.

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Harris.

"Joe," declared Beth languidly, "was absurd. He quite bores me."

Smith smiled at her and injected a good deal of irony into his tone as he said:

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Organize Truck Teams

The local fire laddies have organized two hose teams captained by Leo McCormack and Joe Ensey and are out after records. The best they have been able to do so far, and they will have to hustle to beat the band to beat it, was to run from the hose house to the hydrant in front of the Brewery Saloon, the hose was attached there, and then laid to the Patenaude building and the water turned on to the roof in just 70 seconds.

Another Contract Let

Apparently the Town Council intends to take no chances about there not being water enough in Graveyard creek to supply the town. During the past week they closed a contract with Frank Gignas and Wm. Royalty for diverting the water from Cannery Creek into the dam lately constructed by the town, on the former stream. This will be done by digging a ditch through the divide separating the two creeks, and constructing a catchbasin at or near the summit, in which to hold part of the water and thus break the force of the current during heavy rains.

Martin Fredenberg, who was the only Wrangell man on the Ketchikan jury, was a passenger home on the Seattle.

Mrs. William Lewis, accompanied by two of her children, returned from the south on the Seattle, Tuesday. They report a most enjoyable trip, having spent considerable time at the exposition besides visiting the other points of interest on the Sound.

Marshal A. J. Lowe was a passenger on the Uncle Dan last week on a tour of inspection of the West Coast.

UMBRELLAS RE-PAIRED
Second hand Umbrellas for sale apply to S. S. Kincaid.

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WRANGELL - ALASKA

Water Pressure All Right

During the past week fire drills have been an almost daily occurrence, and the benefit thereof is apparent in the way in which the boys now handle the hose. A guage test was made showing that the pressure stands at 112 pounds to the square inch. We at The Sentinel office had been satisfied right along that the pressure was exceptionally good, by just judging from the way in which the Pelton wheel we have installed gets in and hustles when the valve is opened, but we had no idea that it is as high as it is. By the way, you are invited to come in and see the little machine get busy. Sam Kincaid did the installing and pipe-fitting, and it's a good job too, every joint being perfectly tight and just as it should be.

SANDY AND THE MINISTER

A Scotch minister and his friend, coming from a wedding, began to consider the state in which their potations at the feast had left them "Sandy," said the minister, "just stop a minute till I go ahead. Perhaps I don't walk steady and the guid wife might remark something not right." He walked ahead for a short distance and then called out; "How is it am I walking straight?" "Oh, aye," answered Sandy, thickly, "ye're a'recht—but who's that wi' ye?"

Patenaude carries the best in Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, and Smokers' supplies in general.

SUMMONS

In the United States Commissioner's Court, Wrangell Precinct, First Division, District of Alaska.

S. L. HOGUE, Plaintiff,

vs.

H. MOSS and EMMA M. CLANAHAN Defendants.

To H. Moss and Emma M. Clanahan: In the name of the United States of America:—You and each of you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled Court and Suit within thirty days from the last publication of this summons, and if you fail so to do, judgement for want thereof will be taken against you as provided for in said complaint.

The relief prayed for in said suit is for the recovery of \$107.73 for merchandise furnished to said Defendants by said plaintiff, and the costs and disbursements of this action.

Done by order of the Court for the Wrangell Precinct, District of Alaska. Made on the 6th day of October 1909.

A. V. R. SNYDER
U. S. Commissioner, and Ex-Officio Justice of the Peace.

Wm. G. Thomas, attorney for plaintiff.

First publication October 6, 1909
Last publication, November 11, 1909.

The Jury Disagreed

The Murray damage case against the Shakan Salmon Co., was tried in the District Court at Ketchikan last week, and resulted in a hung jury. According to the reports coming from the jury, which was out almost two days, the first ballot stood ten to two for a verdict for the boy, and the next one showed eleven votes out of twelve in his favor. This, however, was as near as they could come to agreeing, although the eleven offered to settle for \$3,500, instead of \$6,500, the amount asked for. The case will be given another trial either at Skagway, or during the Juneau term of court beginning in December.

In the damage case of Mrs. Peterson against the same concern, the plaintiff was not ready for trial so the court ruled that she had fifteen days in which to pay in to the clerk's office money enough to pay the expenses of the defense, otherwise the case would be dismissed.

Fred Willson is home again from his bear hunt on Admiralty Island. He was fairly successful, bringing home with him four fine skins.

Got Two Years In The Pen

Earnest Beretzi the Frenchman charged with importing women into the United States for immoral purposes, was found guilty at Ketchikan last week and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary. Beretzi didn't like the way the verdict went and made an ineffectual attempt at suicide in his cell. He had a safety razor in his possession and used the blade to cut his wrist but did not cut deep enough to do any particular damage to him self, and it was generally believed to be only a play to excite sympathy and thus induce the judge to be lenient in dealing out sentence.

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